

scholastic
may 7, 1971





six shooters

Stroh's

From one beer lover to another.

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Letters

Gross Exaggeration?

To the Editor:

I was somewhat saddened by Mr. Sitzman's treatment of the pre-med animal in the SCHOLASTIC of April 2nd ("Genus: student, species: premed"). However, I found myself smiling inwardly at the glib generalizations with which Mr. Sitzman painted the pre-med portrait-generalizations which all too often were painfully truthful. As an arts and letters pre-med, I have often been the subject of jibes regarding my motivation to enter the "jock" pre-med program. Usually, the references are aimed at "the easy way out" or "quasi-intellectualism." I usually console myself by reflecting that my science-oriented brethren have yet to be intellectually stimulated enough to recognize the necessity for a true liberal education. Metaphorically, they concentrate upon the "meat and potatoes" of science and disdain the "shish kebab" of the liberal arts.

As a critic, I take particular exception to Mr. Sitzman's statements regarding incidences of cheating—especially with regard to practices aimed at undermining another pre-med's work by say, stealing his notebooks or feeding him false information.

Secondly, hopefully without appearing overly naive, I would say that many pre-meds are seriously motivated by a sincere desire to do service to mankind. True, this is altruistic, but I maintain that a man must be truly interested in helping others to sacrifice so much (primarily time and money to engage in pleasurable activities) for whatever materialistic or spiritualistic gains await.

Those motivated by the latter desires are thus truly the "evil" pre-meds described in the article. Finally, in defense of the Preprofessional Department, a department that we in Arts and Letters pre-med are totally alienated from, I would like to point out Notre Dame's superb medical school acceptance record and also the objective argument that the "weeding out" process that does occur is for the concerned individual's own benefit—he is made to see that he isn't capable of successfully completing the rigorous medical education and is thus given time to major in another field of study. Rejection at say the sophomore level is much more humane (if humanity is what is being sought) and desirable than a curt medical school rejection received during the spring of one's senior year—leaving the despondent pre-med with the unsavory choice between pharmaceutical sales or suicide (depending on the

individual's degree of frustrated desire).

The fraternity of pre-meds at Notre Dame has been for years a great success. Though that success has all too often been at the expense of humanistic ideals, it nonetheless remains a cooperative fraternity of like-minded individuals, constantly striving for an increasingly elusive goal.

Sarkis John Chobanian.
ALPP '73

To the Editor:

In his eagerness to classify the premed student as a distinct species in his recent article, "Genus: student, Species: premed," Jim Sitzman draws a much over-exaggerated caricature of the premed student. He classifies all premeds, with the possible exception of arts and letters premed students (they seem to be a less dangerous subspecies), as walking zombies directed by that omnipotent lord of the jungle, the preprofessional department. This categorization is accomplished by an assortment of rhetorical devices, the most notable being wide generalizations and gross exaggerations, rather than by any factual statements which could justify the placing of premed students into such a restrictive group as a separate species.

For example, he states that in order to achieve the highest grades, premed students attempt to gain advantage over their fellow students by hoarding "useful, but limited study aids, or by giving false information in labs, or by refusing to aid a student in his study." While it is probable that some students may resort to underhanded tactics such as these, this type of deceit is certainly not prevalent enough to be listed as a characteristic of a species. In my three years in the premed program I have never personally encountered the type of situation which Mr. Sitzman describes, nor have I ever seen it to occur.

Mr. Sitzman, in order to endow the premed species with another identifying trait, states that "they develop such adaptive habits as sly and quick movements of the eyes, low, barely audible whispers, and an acute sense of hearing. With these immensely useful traits, they are able—through pooling their ignorance or by becoming a parasite of a more healthy student—to gain a good grade." To back up this characteristic, Mr. Sitzman does not use facts; rather, he makes the nebulous statement that "when the old judicial code was in effect, they were reported to have the highest incidence of cheating." Generally, statements of this magnitude are not printed without some evidence to back them up. Nowhere in his article, however, does Mr. Sitzman include this evidence. Furthermore, he makes it seem that the premedical student is the only beast in this university to have evolved these clever devices.

The problem with Mr. Sitzman's argument is not that he applies all these traits to the premed student, for due to the rigorous standards set by medical schools, pressures are placed upon premed students which could lead to the acquisition of the traits which he lists. The problem, rather, is that he tries to make those traits characteristic of all premed students and, furthermore, that he tries to limit these traits to premed students.

A third characterizing trait which Mr. Sitzman

endows upon this premed species is that "he is not given to self-examination when he is so enmeshed in his fight for survival." During the student strike in the spring of 1970, approximately fifteen pre-med students walked out of an important exam, knowing that the professor would likely give them a zero for the exam. Numerous other premeds signed a petition (drafted by Mr. Sitzman himself) which was delivered to the professor and the dean of the preprofessional department. These students who walked out were certainly subjecting themselves to more self-examination than many of the strikers who were boycotting classes simply because their professors gave them permission to do so. It seems very unlikely that in a species so well differentiated as Mr. Sitzman suggests, this type of breakdown of adaptive mechanisms could occur. Several other traits which he applies to the premed are characteristic of many others here at Notre Dame.

For example, Mr. Sitzman states that premed students seem "to study constantly, staking out permanent territorial limits in the library" This statement can surely be applied to many engineering students, business students, chemistry students and, lo and behold, occasionally even an arts and letters student. These, I suppose, are merely degenerate mutant strains of higher species or, what is more likely, these individuals went awry in their early imprinting stage and somehow became attached to the premeds much as a baby duck will follow a wooden toy if exposed to it during the right stage of development.

Finally, in his statements about premeds preparing for the board exams, Mr. Sitzman seems to suggest that it is only premeds who go through any type of preparation for these exams. However, I know of at least one business student (and I did not do any searching to find if there were more than this) who also did some extra preparation for his graduate board exam. Apparently, this particular student and all others like him are merely more mutant strains. It is very possible that studying might improve a person's score on the examination. If this is the case, why does Mr. Sitzman criticize a person for trying to do the best he can on a test which may decide if he is to be given a position in a professional school? Mr. Sitzman also brings out the point that premed students do not do as well on the general information section of the test. In all probability, however, the majority of science and engineering students would also do poorer on this section of the test than on that in which they have been concentrating for four years. This is certainly not saying that they know nothing about subjects outside the realm of science. Arts and letters students would undoubtedly do less well on the general science exam than they would on an exam concerning the humanities. However, according to Mr. Sitzman, a general knowledge of science does not seem to count in the categorizing of a well-rounded individual.

Mr. Sitzman's article is the first time that I have seen these accusations levelled only at the premed student. I would ask Mr. Sitzman therefore to be more careful the next time he attempts to delineate a species. In the latest issue of "National Geographic Magazine," Mr. Peter F. Hunt, Botanist at the Kew Gardens in England, is quoted as stating:

The question is: What is a species? As someone aptly said, nature made only populations, it is man who groups plants and animals into artificial categories of his own invention: species, genera and families.

Joe Tomashefski

To the Editor:

The following is a copy of the letter which I sent to Jim Sitzmann in response to his recent article, "Genus: student, Species: premed," which appeared in the April 2nd issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

Dear Jim,

Upon reading your article, "Genus: student, Species: premed," in the April 2 issue of the SCHOLASTIC, I must admit that I was bombarded with a number of feelings: rage, anger, distaste, humor, and, in many instances, agreement. Nevertheless, I feel your full-scale indictment of pre-medical students, their attitudes, their motivations, their faculty, and their Department and its personnel is partially if not completely unfair.

I myself was a Math major for two years. During the past summer, after a great deal of thought and a number of conversations with my parents and friends (including the late Dr. Lawrence H. Baldinger), I switched my major to the Department of Preprofessional Studies. Thus, as you can see, I have been a so-called "pre-med" for slightly less than a year. In that time, though, a number of things have struck me. Certainly I've seen those anxiety-torn students who seemingly live only to complain and worry about their next exam. I've seen exams and quizzes dictate a pre-med's whole life style. I've seen a pre-med's bitter disappointment at test grades turn to antagonism. But I've also seen this distinct pattern in practically every other department here at Notre Dame. Agreed, something is wrong—but not just with the Department of Preprofessional Studies and its students.

As to your comments on the pre-med student, his social life, and his motivational interests in his education, I can simply say that your "witty" rhetoric is outdone only by the gross generalizations which are the products of that rhetoric.

Undoubtedly (for who could possibly question your irrefutable logic?) every pre-medical student here at Notre Dame is a member of that illusory "strange breed" to which you refer in your "informative and definitive" article. And how could a person even hesitate to believe that all pre-meds "study constantly, staking out permanent territorial limits in the library, surrounding themselves with ragged walls of books, rarely going out, perpetually avoiding parties and dates and limiting their verbal communication to discussion of courses taken, being taken, to be taken, or, rarely, a self-conscious, illiterate stab at a subject not in that mighty realm of science."!!!

And who would even think of arguing against the "fact" that "at present, learning and the acquisition of an education is the last thing on a premed's mind"!!

Assuredly, each pre-med generates only marginal interest in his courses—and this solely to prepare for future faculty recommendations. Why! Who could even think that a pre-med would try to enrich himself with his college education! How absurd!

Joe Myers

Markings

Poets and Painters

The third annual Notre Dame Poetry Reading will be held this coming Sunday at 2:00 in the afternoon in the library auditorium. Each year, through the past couple of years, the senior class has graduated two, perhaps three, poets of note. This year the case is different. This reading will be the last reading, as undergraduates, for a group of poets unequaled, in number and range, by any previous graduating class.

Rory Holscher has been writing and publishing poetry of considerable note for two years. His *Interfaces* may be one of the most ambitious and important poems to come out of Notre Dame in years. From that point his voice begins to focus upon mythic and regional matters. His deep explorations of regional material, his discovery and creation of mythic forms, are fine examples of the poet's attempts to discover and define himself, his history and his roots, within the geographical confines of his inherited world.

With **John Hessler** we find a decided shift in poetic voice from that of Holscher's. Hessler's constructs are delicate and finely wrought. His poetry centers around the question of the legitimacy of language in the modern world. It is an attempt to come to terms with what seems to be a decaying mode of communication. And from these concerns spring such highly crafted and successful poems as his moving "Fragments of a Suicide."

Steve Brion is, perhaps, the best craftsman of the group. His knowledge and control of his craft frees him to explore the syntactical and linguistic possibilities of the lyric poem. This, along with his effective translation, makes for a very successful and important poet.

Ken Mannings' ability to employ the experience of a black man in an effective art form marks his effective and intense poetry. His ability to move successfully across a number of forms provides his poetry with a spectrum in which to explore and formulate a truly legitimate poetic voice.

In the poetry of **John Stupp** we find a voice and a vision ranging from an exploration of the mysteries of the internal world of the mind to the entropy and chaos of the external world. In Stupp we find the ability to employ verse or prose forms to create sensual and moving poetry.

Finally we have **Rob Barteletti**. In his poetry is epitomized the intense search for an honest poetic

voice. Barteletti's poetry ranges from experiments in prose stories to verse drama to the lyric poem. In all forms the poetry demonstrates an honesty and intensity that mark a very promising poet.

—Rick Fitzgerald

The graduating seniors of the N.D. Art Department are currently displaying their works in the east wing of the O'Shaughnessy Art Gallery. The exhibition is an imaginative conglomeration of paint, canvas, an old tuba, motorcycle gas-tank caps, some hundred-odd colored light bulbs, 1½ bathtubs, plus about fifteen minutes' worth of celluloid. Obviously it presents a wide variety of media, and a high level of talent seems to be consistent throughout the exhibit.

Dan Molitor comes off as one of the most versatile and exciting exhibitors in the senior group. When looking directly into Dan's *Infinity Box*, the viewer sees the eerily suspended image of his own face in an extended corridor of flashing lights—a clever use of light and reflection to draw the observer into the work. Molitor's other graphic works show his rather slick, but thoroughly enjoyable drawing style.

The paintings of Sean Roherty create fascinating worlds of mystery and enchantment. His *Imprisonment of Pete, Zula, Vince, John and Friend* is dominated by the mysterious bleached-white figure whose controlling power is something beyond the physical. The same spiritual aura comes across in Sean's *Self-Portrait Behind Green*. And in his untitled painting of a young man with back turned surrounded by an arch of floating strawberries, we are drawn into an enchanted world of thought and imagination.

Another of the senior artists, Zack Brown, demonstrates his exceptionally refined draughtsmanship in his *Self-Portrait*, for example. *Self-Portrait* is extremely elegant, as Brown reproduces the work of Gustav Klimt (a Viennese painter of the early 1900's) in setting together flesh and metallic textures with rich ornamentation.

Among the wealth of other fine works, the show also includes an animated color-film set to the music of Edgar Varese and called *Poeme Electronique* (shown daily at 12:00 and 3:00 p.m.) It's wild and alone worth a trip to the art gallery. The whole show will be there until May 23rd. See it..

—Mike McCabe

Tom Macken

An Imminent Decision

A decision seems to be imminent. It could be finalized this summer. Perhaps it has already been finalized in our interior parts. Most of America has already decided: to give up — that is what the silent majority is really all about, you know. The consensus of black people in this country is steadily moving toward the establishment of their own nation — whatever this may entail, it is *at least* a rejection of America. Perhaps the “lack of motivation and ambition” assigned to our age bracket and, quite seriously, our pervasive boredom are rooted deeply within the subterranean humus of despair — despair over not belonging to a nation.

A nation: people living and working together in order simply to live and work together, with joy. I remember a time back: Woodstock was thrilling the first time I heard about it. I remember when I was a member of a tribe in the Sioux Nation; it only lasted a few seconds in time-space (after I learned that “the Indians” were not really the bad guys but a great people close to the earth and close to their own inner lives), but this flash of feeling will last a lifetime if I’m lucky. It’s that *feeling* I somehow “remember” in snatches but can’t seem to really believe here in time-space — it escapes so quickly now!

Many of our friends are scouring back issues of *The National Geographic* like menus for “sparsely populated, well seasoned” countries to which they may be able to expatriate themselves. It often becomes a necessity for the most sensitive among us: our artists. But even they seem, eventually, to learn that there is no escape. One is either in the city or the countryside — one is either in America or the countryside — same thing anywhere we (Americans) wish to go on earth.

Back to the (personal) decision: will I create and sustain a hope or will I continue discounting those snatches of future-memory which cry out to me to build what I know should be? Contemporary black artists face much the same perplexing question: create or destroy? reject the ugly and fearful history or confront it and use it to build a nation? James Baldwin answers: “To defend oneself against a fear is simply to insure that one will, one day, be conquered by it; fears must be faced. . . . To accept one’s past — one’s history — is not the same thing as drowning in it; it is learning how to use it.”

My friend Sam, a freshman, wanted to know what was going to happen at Notre Dame this spring and what I was going to do to help end the war. I had nothing to say. I have not honestly confronted these questions for one year.

Of course, he hadn’t lived through the emotionally exhilarating atmosphere of last spring. So he couldn’t know of the futility of rhetoric and street drama, of the arthritic immobility of the body politic, of the ultimate and overpowering impotence of a citizen’s voice.

“Well, they’re trying to close down as many institutions as possible. Just think what would happen if every institution closed down or if every American against the war wrote one letter to a congressman!” (Sound familiar?)

In his “innocence” Sam refused to consider probabilities. Perhaps now he’s learning better (or worse).

“I just can’t figure it out. Nobody seems to be able to justify their actions. People are just drifting through the ordeal and it seems like nobody is really aware of what’s going on.”

“No, Sam, I’m aware; I think I’m simply hypocritical.” But simple honesty no longer offers consolation.

Perhaps what is at stake now for us, Americans, is our individual (vs. collective) integrity; that is, the way we integrate our morals and our actions. Politics is distasteful, if not nauseating, as many have learned. It is concerned primarily with power relationships; it overlooks personal, human relationships; it is the ultimate modern expression of the time-space world. But it was, perhaps (to give benefit of the doubt), instituted to preserve the time and the space in which the eternal could be made manifest. The human spirit cannot survive but through human flesh and human life.

I don’t know. But the decision must be made. Can I accept the history and reality of this “nation”? Or will I drown in it? Can I face it or must I flee from its immorality? Should I create and sustain a hope and build on this hope or ignore my place in what could be a nation? Baldwin again: “. . . the political institutions of any nation are always menaced and are ultimately controlled by the spiritual state of that nation.” My spiritual state is no longer content. But I know only that my integrity is at stake.

Jim Fanto

Washington in the Spring

The National Peace Action Coalition called for a massive march and rally in Washington on April 24. The rally's location on the front lawn of the Capitol building was significant, for the appeal was directed at urging Congress to cut the funds for the Vietnam war. The President was to be purposely ignored; the march would originate near the White House, but no appeal would be made to its occupant.

The demonstrators, however, did not want to *completely* ignore the President; they desired that he hear their cries and witness their large numbers. The opening comment at the rally exhibited this desire, for the speaker, overwhelmed by the march's size, exclaimed that "everyone but Nixon is here." He voiced the unexpressed sentiments of most of the demonstrators; they noticed the President's absence, yet hoped, nevertheless, that their plea might reach him. The protesters revealed the tendency in our country to place their hopes in the living symbol of our government, the elected leader of the United States.

Judging from his responses at his recent press conference it is apparent that Mr. Nixon heard the demonstrators; in fact, to use his own words—"I could not help but hear them." But, really, did he listen to the demonstrators, and did their reasons for withdrawal from Vietnam have any effect on his foreign policy?

His reiteration of his belief in "Vietnamization" answers these questions. One could best liken the President to one of the stone statues carved into the federal buildings along Pennsylvania Avenue who surveyed the demonstrators with their cold, fixed eyes. Mr. Nixon's eyes were also unmoved, he looked upon the demonstrators and saw what he wished: "teenagers," for whom his Vietnam policy would insure a peaceful future.

What, then, could justify an attendance in this demonstration in the category of a peaceful marcher? Why should one even attend a rally before an impassive President and an empty, barricaded Congress building? One cannot ignore the SDS taunts of "sheep" when the cry emerges from a portable loudspeaker raised near one's face. In short, was the march worthwhile?

In answering these questions one must look to the march's purpose, to the power it was to reveal. The National Peace Action Coalition stated that the uniqueness of the demonstration lay in its marked contrast to Vietnam; "huge numbers of war-weary Americans in peaceful, legal assembly" as opposed to an "isolated minority waging an illegal war." The effect of the demonstration was to arise from this contrast, from a massive assemblage whose non-violent march would exemplify their own beliefs in peace.

At eleven o'clock on the twenty-fourth of April, more than a half-million people gathered near the Washington ellipse. Standing amidst the dust raised by a million feet, many demonstrators waited patiently for 3 hours before they began their march. During this time they stood restively in columns clutching their identification signs: "Bronx for Peace," "Kentucky for Peace," —and even, "Longhorns (of Austin) for Peace." The diversity of the types of demonstrators was astounding; from college and high school students to well-dressed businessmen and mothers holding their young children.

The demonstrators marched up Pennsylvania Avenue beneath the shadows of the Justice and Post Office buildings. They walked, alternately chanting slogans or singing, between two lines of parade marshals, who stood on opposite curbs with their arms interlocked. Approaching the Capitol lawn the demonstrators softly sang "Give Peace a Chance," ignoring, for the most part, SDS urgings to form "splinter demonstrations." The marchers settled upon the grass, listened to congressmen, senators, peace activists, and folk singers, and then quietly dispersed.

This non-violent demonstration had an effect on both the nation and the President. It kept the peace movement before millions of Americans through its

newspaper and television coverage; it demonstrated that the peace movement is alive. Mr. Nixon, by dismissing the demonstration as largely composed of "teenagers" ignored (wittingly, I believe) two major points. First, he did not publicly admit that many of these "teenagers" have voting rights and will exercise them in the 1972 elections. Second, and most important of all, he paid no tribute to the large numbers of older men and women there, a fact obvious to anyone who watched the demonstration.

I believe, however, that Mr. Nixon did not miss these two points, and therefore, that the demonstration affected him in a political sense, perhaps the only sense he understands. When, during his press conference, he gazed at the television camera and assured viewers that Washington wasn't under "siege" and that he wouldn't be "intimidated" by demonstrators, he was drumming up ghosts of violence in order to discredit the demonstration. In traveling to Camp Pendleton this past week Mr. Nixon had a staged group of military men raise him to their shoulders in a "victory celebration." He was attempting in this action to erase from the minds of other Americans the picture of a freely motivated group of citizens protesting the war. He can no more dispel that picture than I could have shut my eyes, as I stood in the demonstrators' midst, and wished them away.



when bullets cease to discriminate



kent state, may 1971

The rooms of the buildings at Kent State University have numbers painted on them — 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, etc. The university explained that the numbers are there to aid in the aerial mapping of Kent State. There are suspicions among many students that they may be there for other reasons, the codifying of buildings for easier identification of snipers. It is called paranoia. The uncontrollable rule of fear that makes every cop a killer and every long-haired student a target. I watched the students file into the memorial auditorium Sunday night to hear Julian Bond. It could have been a crowd coming in to watch KSU's "Golden Flashes" play Tulane, Arizona State, or Ohio University, except that examination of the ID cards was a bit too close. There was a subtle edge on the eyes of all the police on the people coming in and out. Make no mistake about it, this is a campus that is filled with prepared people. The attendance at the Bond speech was limited to Kent students, faculty, and staff. One man, one of the first Black residents ever to live in Kent, his wife a member of the Kent staff, was nearly denied admission to the address until they could prove, beyond suspect, that he was not a threat to the university.

My press pass was number 421. Those passes are numbered consecutively. It is a safe bet that sometime during these four days there may be upwards of 450 media people on campus. One national network has five separate camera teams on campus and twenty people. I suspect that they are here for the same reason that so many Kent students, nearly 1000 of them, are not here. They fear that the murders of four years ago may well be remembered in more blood. The significance is that it was white man's blood that was lost last May, and it will most likely be white blood that is spilled again this May if there is violence. There is and was a real core of racism in the uproar over the Kent deaths.

MAY 7, 1971

Julian bond put it very well on Sunday night:

"There are many like myself who will always believe that if those killed at Jackson State had to die at all they were lucky to die when they did, so that someone besides their classmates, their mothers, and their teachers would know that they had lived and died at all. The Kent dead are remembered because they are white; the Jackson dead, among so many others, are forgotten because they are black."

"This is not a strange place.

This is not a weird place . . .

This is America.

Six hundred-odd schools shut down all over the country last May, more or less motivated by the killing of four students. Angry words were spoken and written, promises were made, and exceptional rage emerged. A year later that rage seems somehow nearly empty. As Bond observed, "Rage generated by instant death is perhaps not effective to sustain an orderly, disciplined attack on the oppression and wrong that you are here learning how to become a part of."

At first glance, Bond's speech seemed out of place. He spoke of poverty, and wrath, and white denial of black humanity. He rarely talked at all about last May. Bond was not speaking to those events, however, but to what he saw were the causes and what he hoped were the results.

"But that is all history now, and we, like good

students, are predetermined either to learn from it and move ahead, or doomed to repeat it again and again. Repeating it means more than Guardsmen and dead bodies and blood-thirsty policemen on college campuses. It means that we will never get free from the trap that is set for us. The trap that shows movement and agitation rising and ebbing, and now rising and ebbing again. What will it take then to build and sustain a determined effort to literally overthrow the grip held on all the oppressed people living within her shores, as well as those just now beginning their struggle around the globe? 'Woodstockism' cannot be tolerated while Watts exists. ROTC on the campus cannot compete for the attention of today's activities with rats in the ghetto. Debates about the relative revisionism of the late Ho Chi Minh are not allowable in a land with no revolutionary ideology of its own."

It was the time, Bond said, when bullets ceased to discriminate. But the question as to why here, has remained unanswered. All the results of all the commissions have somehow failed to explain the results of the events of last May. This is not, after all, Harvard or Berkeley. It is the right ventricle of the heart of middle America. This is Ohio, not California. And these are middle America's children. In one way Bond's speech Sunday night may be seen as the same kind of pressure as that of invading National Guardsmen. It is a question of a world out there that will not allow the world in here to remain untroubled, that neither the university nor the middle America that supports that university can deny the urgency of Bond's words, and the violent reaction that may follow those words.

"This is not a strange place. This is not a weird place. This is not an isolated place, this is America."

But it is not the sort of America that Kent, Ohio, has been accustomed to, at least not in recent years. Outside the Student Union a Los Angeles hippy pastor handed out lapel stickers ("Turn On To Jesus"), and with hardly any encouragement at all, he will talk about his trips around the nation.

"Yes, we were in Columbus last year, when the National Guard was there. Pulled into town with a cross strapped to the top of the car, like to freak your mind."

Across the common, Glen Frank is concluding his workshop-rap session. Frank, a geology professor, is respected for his thoughtful testimony before the Scranton Commission and his outspoken reply to a grand jury prosecutor's statement that all the demonstrators ought to be shot. Frank is sincerely moderate, dedicated to peace through honorable compromise. One finds himself hoping that Frank is right, that moderation can be successful and that honor is still alive. "I simply can't see," he said, "how violent confrontation changes anything. Certain men keep the system from working, they have to be removed, but peacefully." How strange that a defense of the system has to be given here. "Who is he?" I heard once at the edge of the crowd, and too often I heard the reply, "I don't know."

"So the first brutal truth we face together is that we mark the anniversary of four needless and stupid deaths"

The students who listed to Glen Frank hardly disagreed at all. Those who would, or could disagree, were in Washington, probably herded together with the rest of the six thousand.

The day wears on. The question becomes, "What will be the reaction of those who will return? How will that experience affect them? How will those returning affect the violence or non-violence on the campus?" Generalizations or easy judgments are dangerous in a situation like this, especially for someone who comes and spends only a day. But this is a campus that has a definite potential for violence. Despite the efforts of the "Kent State United" group — selling "Kent State United" t-shirts at a dollar thirty a throw — and the sincere peaceful wishes of nearly everybody, Kent really runs the risk of being closed down. Monday afternoon Dick Gregory commented that what man dirties up he likes to forget. He said this as a group the size of the Notre Dame student body was being arrested en masse in Washington, and as the local *Akron Beacon Journal* was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for last year's coverage of the disturbance at Kent State, and as a record company was recording his every word for future publication on an LP.

The reality of Kent is that this university, more than

any other university in the country, will never be able to share the association with events outside its controls and beyond its physical limits. The four hundred-odd media people did not come to hear Julian Bond, or Dick Gregory, or James Ahern or any of the other scheduled speakers. We did not come here for the expected or the planned. We came here to meet the students standing outside Ahern's lecture passing out flyers that said, "Our campus is hearing a lot these days about 'Keep Kent Open'; the reality is that Kent is not open now and never has been. Kent is an occupied campus. We are here to be fitted into a system that destroys lives and whole cultures in pursuit of its corporate interests. Step out of line, and the men come to take you away. Therefore, we are going to break the speaker's ban, we will be sponsoring a rally on Front campus on Tuesday, right after the Memorial service. This action constitutes civil disobedience."

We were all expecting a student; some of us thought that he was overdue. Ironically, he is as much a part of the scheduled events as Julian Bond's speech or Glen Frank's workshop. His appearance may, in fact, have been inevitable.

This story is necessarily incomplete. The events of the last few days seem irrelevant to me, diversions from

the events of tomorrow — one year later. This evening, James Ahern, a former New Haven police chief, said, "So the first brutal truth we must face together is that we mark the anniversary of four needless, futile, and stupid deaths. This is what we must face together. This is the question we must ask about ourselves, about the way we have lived as a people: 'When did we start to value human life so cheaply?'"

Earlier in the day, Dick Gregory had compared the current United States situation to a woman about to give birth, to a time that could not be denied. But I keep thinking of what Julian Bond said just the other night, "This is not a strange place, this is not an isolated place, this is America."

A drive to raise money to cover the costs incurred by those injured at Kent State and Jackson has been going on over the past year; so far \$5096 has been collected. Fifteen hundred dollars more are needed. Contributions may be sent to:

*Kent State Student Medical Fund, Inc.
Account 35075, City Bank
Kent, Ohio 44240*

mike mooney



judicial board a loss of the spirit



The present judicial code would seem to be based on fairly simple and informal rules and proceedings that depend on members of the university community coming together to decide what is best in each particular case. Fred Dedrick, in his letter which appeared in the April 13 edition of the *Observer*, said that the attitude in constructing the code was that "we would simply write up a few pages of informal proceedings and rely on the goodness and fairness of people's hearts."

The preamble to the judicial code, written by none other than James T. Burtchaell, C.S.C., says that, "Another expectation in a society where men meet as comrades rather than as strangers is that offenders will be dealt with patiently and personally, more to assist and correct than to punish." Later the preamble states: "Students — as the majority component — must assume responsibility for setting rules and seeing that they are observed, as they stand ready for more public responsibilities beyond the campus. Faculty and administrators, . . . must share responsibility in this task of social learning." The image conjured is that of bright-eyed and dedicated students governing their own lives with the advice of wise, but kindly, faculty and administrators.

In fact, this has not been the case. The Campus Judicial Board has twelve student members, five of whom sit on each case together with a nonvoting faculty chairman. When the members of the present board were being selected last fall, Father Riehle said he felt that they would hear only one or two cases all year. This prediction has been very accurate. All other major cases have been heard by either Father Riehle himself, or by the Appeals Board, which is tripartite. One reason for this may be that it is Father Riehle who informs students of their right to trial by their peers and to appeal, the Judicial Coordinator being informed later.

This is not to say that Father Riehle is a malicious person with an overwhelming desire to nail students to the wall. Outside the context of his job, he can be a very likeable person. The problem is that the Dean of Students is a man who follows the letter of the law. Rick Libowitz, in his *Observer* article of April 13, says, "Too many people have forgotten that there exists two phases to law, letter and spirit. They have forgotten the spirit, which is, in fact, the justification of the letter." When the letter of the law is general and vague, as it was designed to be in this case, a great burden is placed on those involved to consider the spirit of the law.

It may be that these questions of spirit and letter do not seem particularly important to those students who do not plan to push dope or mug security guards. One case, now over a year old, determined that since

the *Student Manual* says that the "presence of alcoholic beverages is forbidden in all public places on the campus," the transportation of such beverages across campus to one's room is a violation of University Rules. It would seem that one must distill and consume alcohol in his own room in order to do it legally. Student Government sources brought this author's attention to a recent case in which a rector, after listening at a student's door, entered and allegedly found a woman present after parietal hours had ended. The rector, deeming the case to be of a serious nature, brought it to the Dean of Students and the student was required to transfer from the dorm. Student Government efforts reversed this decision, however. Whether or not it is the proper function of rectors to search dorms in the wee hours of the morning listening at keyholes is not for consideration here. The point is that it was interpretation of existing rules by members of the administration that made these cases ludicrous and tragic.

THE result is that the present judicial code is, to a large extent, personality rather than structurally oriented. The Dean of Students, as an administrator, is responsible for his actions and job to other administrators, namely the Vice-President of Student Affairs, Provost and President. Father Riehle has extremely broad discretionary power to determine "imminent danger" and violations of a "serious nature" and act on them as such. It would seem that in a "fair" and "informal" judicial system, it would be the responsibility of the three diverse components of the university community to define, or at least apply, those ideas. Yet this is not the case. It is obvious that the burden of fairness lies with the administration to use as it sees fit in these areas. Viewing Father Riehle as the source of these problems is simplistic and unfair. It is evident that he makes an honest effort to consult with other people on particular procedures and situations. It is unlikely, no matter who is Dean of Students, that all or even most decisions of the administration will be greeted favorably by the students.

This inadequacy has come to light in the recent drug cases where several students were suspended as "imminent dangers." It is hard to see how their suspension would stop their alleged drug use or sale. Non-students of college age who know the campus and have contacts can push at Notre Dame almost as easily as can a student. It would seem that the main reason for suspension was public relations. In another sense, it is hard to understand how the suspension dealt with the problem "patiently and personally, more to assist and

correct than to punish." It is interesting to note that Father Burtchaell, who wrote these words, gave the direct order for suspension.

A major problem area in the judicial system is the quality of hall judicial boards. Both Father Riehle and last year's Judicial Coordinator, Rich Urda, feel that a number of these boards, where they exist, have not taken their task seriously. This is not to say that all the problems of the halls can or should be resolved by the judicial process. A word may be said here for Christian brotherhood, if such a thing exists. The point is that some problems are of such nature, severity and duration that they can be handled in no other manner. It would seem that the hall would be the best place to handle them rather than by pretentious structures and procedures.

"Too many people have forgotten that there exists two phases of law, letter and spirit"

The most glaring contradiction of the judicial system comes in the area of parietal hours. The *Student Manual*, under the heading of University Rules, states that in this area, "Charges of violation which may be made by any individual within the hall shall be brought before the hall Judicial Board for appropriate action according to the principles of the judicial code." The new judicial code, however, states that University Rules are to be considered by the Dean of Students or the Campus Judicial Board. Father Riehle interprets the judicial code as overriding the *Student Manual*. Without speculating about what the authors of these two documents had in mind, it would appear that this is right, legalistically.

The very serious question may be brought up of whether or not the University has any moral right to insist that there be parietal hours and that they be enforced. But that will be left for a future inquiry. What is evident here is that parietal violations, which are essentially of a minor nature, will waste the time of the Dean of Students, the Campus Judicial Board and the Appeals Board and will be removed from the context which they affect — the halls.

THE part of the judicial code which has caused a furor recently is the phrase "imminent danger." The Ombudsman, Paul Dziedzic, after conferring with Father Burtchaell, has reached a certain idea of what

it means. Dziedzic feels that an imminent danger is one against whom a credible source has made a serious charge involving flagrant abuse of other students which, if true, would make the accused dangerous to his fellow students. A student will be declared an imminent danger and provisionally suspended under this clause only if the case be heard within a very few days. Suspension is designed to protect other students rather than to punish the accused.

"When the letter of the law is vague . . . burden is placed upon those involved to consider the spirit of the law"

There are conceivable situations in which a student is an "imminent danger" to those around him. Exactly which situations there are, however, is anybody's guess. At the moment the Student Life Council is attempting to draw up guidelines to be used in alleged drug cases. But the ultimate power to interpret and apply this clause will remain with the administration. All the guidelines and advisory boards in the world cannot require the Dean of Students or his superiors to decide or interpret a case in a particular manner satisfying to students. It is the men involved that are of primary importance.

DAVE TUSHAR, the present Judicial Coordinator, feels that the merger with St. Mary's will create difficulties with comparative judicial systems. SMC has a Judicial Board and a tripartite Appellate Board but no formal procedures and rights at this time. The Dean of Students is not allowed to appeal decisions of the Judicial Board. At Notre Dame, however, the Dean of Students may appeal a decision of the Campus Judicial Board on the following ground: "Misinterpretation of a rule or regulation by the judicial body, actual prejudice of the judicial body, or a decision by a hearing body totally unsupported by the facts and certified as such by at least one member of the hearing body." Again, the Dean of Students has a heavy burden of interpretation. It is probable that the SMC judicature, like everything else, will be engulfed by the Notre Dame system in or before 1974.

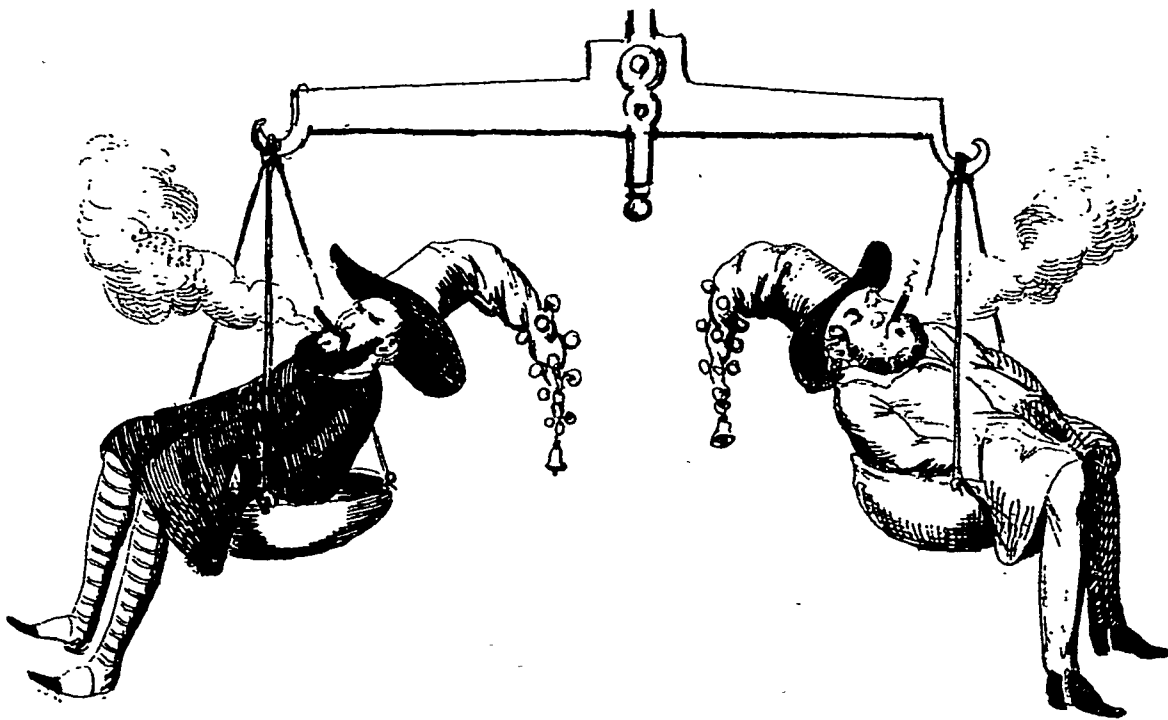
For those who wish to alter the judicial process, a number of options are open. The first is to construct a highly formal and structurally complicated system with numerous students acting as defense lawyers, coordinators, secretaries, liaisons and so on, together with a lengthy and detailed code that sets out specific procedures and penalties for certain situations. This would

tend to reduce the discretionary options of the administration in such areas as "imminent danger." The problem is that this state of affairs was the reason for the new judicial code. There were too many uncoordinated, though well meaning, students running about with visions of F. Lee Bailey dancing in their heads. Secondly, the university pays bureaucrats and lawyers a great deal of money for their work and students cannot hope to beat them at their own game. Thirdly, the present judicial code, simple and informal as it is, took a year and a half to be written and approved. The chances of a complicated one that is satisfactory to the student being approved by the administration in significantly less time are practically nonexistent. Possibly the students could demand each Dean of Students' head until one that is satisfactory is hired. But Deans of Students are not responsible to students and, therefore, can hardly be trusted to adequately represent student feelings.

Another option, a distressingly moderate one to some

ways of thinking, is to make certain alterations in the judicial system in order to make it more fair. First, the hall judicial boards must be taken seriously and manned by good and interested students so that the number of cases reaching the Dean of Students is reduced. Secondly, the SLC must alter the judicial code in two ways: so that parietal violations can be handled in the halls and the Dean of Students is prevented from appealing decisions of the Campus Judicial Board. Thirdly, definite guidelines must be established for dealing with drug and other types of cases. Fourthly, a student must be informed of his rights to trial by peers and to appeal by the Judicial Coordinator or one of his co-workers before the accused decides whether Father Riehle or the Campus Board will hear the case. Fifthly, the judicial process must work quickly so that provisional suspensions and unnecessary delays are eliminated. Lastly, such terms as "imminent danger" and violations of a "serious nature" must be defined in order to protect students and set precedents for the future.

bob hall



Reactions: Pre-Med Faculty

Jim Sitzman's article criticizing the premedical program at Notre Dame (SCHOLASTIC, April 2, 1971), has focused attention on the pre-professional department, the teachers of pre-medical students, and the students themselves.

The purpose of this series of interviews was to obtain the reaction of certain members of the university faculty who are either teaching pre-medical students or advising them. To that end, Jeremiah P. Freeman, chairman of the chemistry department and teacher of organic chemistry; Joseph Tihen, teacher of comparative anatomy; and Father Joseph Walter, chairman of the department of pre-professional studies were interviewed.

The interviews have been organized based on a professor's remarks directed at a specific question or statement contained in Sitzman's article.

Jeremiah P. Freeman:

Cheating and competition among pre-medical students:

I would say that there are instances of cheating, but this doesn't appear to me to be generally true. The number involved is quite small compared to the number of pre-medical students. The people that feel the presence of cheating the most are not pre-medical students. They are seniors and juniors from other colleges or departments of the university who don't know the pre-med people very well. They only go to class with the pre-medical students, and they sense a certain hostility. Sophomore pre-meds will give you the impression that cheating is not that prevalent; if you ask a senior engineer, he'll tell you that it is very bad.

There are very few people that won't admit to having cheated at one time. They may have gotten a hint from something that someone said, or did, or wrote, but that may amount to nothing with reference to one's grade in the course, or one's total approach to life as a student. The person you're worried about is the systematic cheater. He's the one you have to worry about becoming a doctor.

Between the extremes of the very bright students, who could succeed in any major they choose, and the slower students who could not hope to get through it at all, are the middle students who feel the competition the most.

Recommendations and conformity:

A fellow came in once for an interview. All year long he had worn a mustache, but he came in this time without it. I asked him why he had shaved it off, and he replied that he had gotten the impression that this wasn't proper for one seeking a recommendation to medical school. I was a little horrified at that. That's an awful way for a student to think, that he can only be qualified for something if he looks and behaves in a certain way.

This department has the tendency to urge a certain amount of conformity on the student. The fact is that there are more applicants than there are positions available. So you are going to be up against somebody's prejudices, and why pick one over the other. The pre-professional department warns (advises) the student that if he wishes to act this way he had better be somebody special if he wishes to get accepted to medical school. Now having warned them, I think that is sufficient. To undermine the student by an evaluation that focuses on these factors is not valid. There has been too much dime-store psychology employed when interviewing for recommendations. I tend to make my recommendations on strictly academic grounds unless I have something else to go on.

The students' image of the doctor:

I think that Jim is correct here, but it's not any different in any other field. The whole problem with the medical profession is that it is a very visible one. A child rather likes a doctor. As you become older you become aware of the fact that the doctor enjoys considerable status in the community, and has independence. All this is very appealing. Combine this with what one thinks he can do for mankind, and it all adds up to a very attractive way of spending your life. However, I doubt very many students worry about the responsibility of being a doctor.

A degree in science, pre-professional studies:

I object to his contention that science pre-professional majors graduate with a worthless major. In my view it is the best major in the university. It gives you the widest cross-section of a view of knowledge — science, literature, social science, philosophy, and the rest. That student has the least amount of specialization and the broadest education. What is the difference between that student and an English major regarding the worth or worthlessness of his degree?

I take an old-fashioned view of the university as an institution where certain kinds of knowledge are transmitted by people who have thought about them to people who are interested in them. I've had too many students think that if you go through a pre-med program and don't make it to medical school that it was a waste of time because all you're left with is a degree called a Bachelor of Science in Pre-professional Studies. Well, who cares what it is called? The fact is that you can do anything you like with it. It seems as if some students think that you come to the university not for an education but for a bachelor's degree. I would be very sympathetic to the student who doesn't ask for his bachelor's degree after four years.

The Pre-professional department:

One of the main things I object to is the implication that the pre-professional faculty tries to systematically harass the student. The point is that it has no faculty, and has almost no influence on the teachers that instruct its students. The pre-professional department is nearly in the same position as Professor Scott is in with the Black Studies Department — they both cannot hire professors, grant tenure, or even demand that a man be interested in pre-professional students.

I don't see the power that the department has. If you want to do something else you can, so why make a big case of it? The department offers a convenience to the student. All these curricula are the department's best advice to the student. From my point of view, this doesn't mean that we will knock you down if you do it any other way than the way we want you to do it.

You'll find a large number of students here who find



the pre-medical program just what they are looking for. What's wrong with Sitzman's idea is that pre-medical students would get very poor counseling if the pre-med department were dissolved, because our departments (chemistry, biology, etc.) are not very much interested in students who are not interested in the major interests of the department. We have no information at all on medical schools, their requirements, or what they are interested in.

Father Joseph Walter:

Recommendations and conformity:

One comment on the recommendations sent to the rectors. The purpose behind these was not to put the student under another "watching eye." When I came to the department after Dr. Baldinger's death, I knew very few of the students. I felt that I could get to know them better if their rectors — provided they knew the student — evaluated them in certain areas: concern with the hall, outside activities, etc. In some cases, the RA's did the evaluating, but in these cases, I went to the utmost pain to separate fact from opinion.

Dr. Baldinger had a definite opinion about appearance, about what he called "hair-suit adornment." I don't particularly care how a student comes in, but good appearances do mean something. In several medical schools appearance is of supreme importance, and long hair, headbands, studded belts, etc., mean a sure rejection.

There are three ways to organize recommendations for medical school. Conduct the interviews a hall at a time with an interviewing board composed of the dean of students, the pre-professional department chairman, the hall rector, a chemistry professor, and a biology professor. The students, under this approach, have no say on who is on the board at all. A second way is simply to call for evaluations from the people mentioned above. The third way is the way we do it now — the students seek out five or six professors or staff members for recommendations. The first way is definitely the more unbiased, disinterested approach. However, our 70% acceptance record indicates that there is no reason to change the system. Also the time factor in interviewing 135 students through the first method is prohibitive.

Antipathy toward arts and letters pre-professional students:

I told the freshmen that I don't care what college or department they belong to, that they are always welcome in this office for advice, consultation, whatever. They have told me that they have a feeling that they aren't welcome, but that is not my fault — I have told them that they are welcome.

I am convinced there should only be one basic program for pre-medical students — the concentrate program. This program requires 56 hours of science, allowing more than 60 hours for arts and letters courses. The present arts and letters program requires about 52 hours of science and that is essentially a one-course difference.

Competition:

If the student doesn't like the all pre-med classes he is allowed to choose other courses (e.g., chemistry majors' organic chemistry over Dr. Freeman's organic chemistry course).

The Pre-professional Department:

The Pre-professional Department, with 490 students this year, comprises 47% of the College of Science. The total number of pre-medical intents in the university is 700 students, the 490 in the College of Science plus 210 students in the College of Arts and Letters. In 1971, with the national average for medical school acceptance running below 40%, 70% of the seniors in the Science Pre-medical Program have been accepted, and 68% of the seniors in the Arts and Letters Pre-medical Program have been accepted.

The rapport is very good. The students come in and out, in and out. It's a great community. They have concern for one another. Of course, there are a few that are willing to cut someone else's throat, but there will always be a few in any community.

Not many students come in saying that they disagree with the way a class is run, or the size of the class. I think that they feel that there are not many large problems.

Joseph Tihen:

Cheating and competition:

I don't believe that the extent of cheating done by pre-meds is any greater than that done in the university in general. I would hope that it would be much less, because this group of students is preparing to go into a profession that prides itself on doing its own policing.

I think that the competition, the grade consciousness is imposed on the students to a great extent. I don't think that this is because there is a pre-professional department. The medical schools do it. Grades are not the only things medical schools consider, but as a preliminary screening they are used.

Many courses have approximate standards for grading procedures. I have no maximum or minimum number of A's or F's that I give. It will take about 90% to get an A, but that says nothing about how many students will attain that grade.

Worth of a pre-professional degree:

Any potential employer or graduate school will look at the record the student has made and the degree of difficulty of the courses. What the degree says on it is secondary.

Arts and letters Courses:

If a student is going into medical practice, the arts and letters courses are very important. For somebody going into medical research they may be less important from a professional point of view, but just as necessary from a personal point of view. Part of our educational system aims to teach people how to enjoy life, and this involves learning about a lot of things that are not part of your profession.

The Pre-professional Departments

I think that the office is serving a function, although I see no necessity for calling it a department. But whether you call it a department or an advisory office, the function it serves is valuable to the students planning on going to medical school.

—Greg Chinchar



perspectives

a thousand battles

don loch

Talking about newspapers, our news sources are Armed Forces Radio and the Army-authorized paper. Both are not only inadequate (the news is late and there is little of it), but also subtly (and sometimes not too subtly) slanted in the areas of size, prominence, and choice of coverage of events. The editorial page writers are William Buckley, Joe Alsop, Andrew Tully, and S. L. A. Marshall. I think you see what I mean. Examples range from the ridiculous (banning "Beetle Bailey" because of the black lieutenant with the goatee and goatees are not allowed in today's action Army) to the significant (the rightist editorials, propaganda stories on how well the war is going, emphasizing the paragraph that the guard was provoked from the President's Kent State Commission report while downplaying its blame of the guard). Yes, we do get *Time* and *Newsweek* at the PX, but they contain last week's news.

As for AFVN, our radio station, we are constantly bombarded with Army-style commercials rather than ones for cars, beer, banks, and cigarettes. We are reminded of updating our shot-records, of the advantages of reenlistment, or rest and relaxation tours (each R&R site has its own musical, big-production commercial), of the penalties for black-market currency transactions ("Remember, sound money is needed to make war as well as peace"). Sometimes they attempt humor ("What's black and white and red all over? A bruised-up VC. Nope. The *Stars and Stripes*."), sometimes camp ("He's only a farm boy from Kansas but he knows names like Saigon, Da Nang, Chu Loi, because he's been there!").

A cousin of mine wrote me asking about the children here and how she could help them. Well, I never see any at this new post because it's a higher level headquarters. There is an orphanage which we contribute to, but I really don't know what anyone could send them. The only gift anyone wants around here is peace. In fact, children from orphanages regularly disappear and groups of children have been seen moving from South VN to North VN via Laos with NVA (North VN Army) guides.

Innocence is hard to find here. To survive, a child must become hard-nosed and a scrounger. Children run in packs to steal even the watch off your wrist. Others are proficient black marketeers. I have been approached by many 10-year-old pimps, but then I have known some very polite, mannered children and given them toys. Many are simple farm kids helping their parents grow rice. At Tan An where I spent my first seven months, I delighted to see little boys, bare-ass and naked, riding the backs of huge, curved-horned, but tame water buffalo wandering through the shallow water of the rice-paddies. I've also seen them picking through the swill of our garbage pails for food.

The incredible waste of this absurd war in terms of men, money, lives, property, equipment, talent, education, promise, future is staggering. To think about it leaves you *numb*. Not only are young Americans, not only are VN men, women, children, not only are our nation's and the VN people's wealth and land all destroyed, but also even the living, those safe from battle are wasted and given nothing to do or mere busywork. Why repeat clichés about the war to you? Repetition has robbed them of their impact. The VN war has changed the entire course of American history for the worse, with this waste and the death of US social legislation as the price of financing the fiasco.

Nixon is the fantastic plastic man. He's managed to jump on the right side of every issue, while consciously pursuing a politic designed to divide people and make them fearful and hateful. His December 15 speech about the economy missed the point. Young people do not hate wealth, but rather its selfish, restricted distribution and allocation. His appointments to federal regulatory and poverty agencies are of men whose philosophies are against regulating business and against helping the poor. Contrary to the pundits, I think Nixon won the fall elections because people *did* start to believe, and in some parts of the country swallowed with a gulp, his fake issues of radic-libb and permissiveness, over the pocketbook issue. I think he'll win in '72. After all, President Nixon has only one goal in his first term of office: that is, to be elected to a second term.

I wanted to do a deliberately poor job on a concrete-laying detail recently so they'd never ask EM (enlisted men) to lay concrete again, but no one would cooperate. You see, if you really mess up a job in the army, you're left alone and never asked to do anything. But if you're a good worker, they give you all the work. It is almost a rule that the lazy and incompetent are rewarded and the industrious and efficient punished. All you have to do is prove you're lazy and incompetent and no one will bother you. Show some initiative and they dump work on you. In the Army you must temporarily suspend the habits of hard work and responsibility you struggled to build up at school or work. If you don't you're made a dupe and a sucker.

Rule One: only in the Army can a man of mediocre ability rise so easily to a position of incredible power and authority, not by ability, education, or intelligence, but merely by staying in long enough. The career men, the "lifers," learn the ropes, stick together and dump all the work on the EM. Officers and NCO's (sergeants) do very little and get away with it. The NCO's here deal quite profitably on the black market. It's galling, but you're powerless. If you stay in too long, the system ruins your mind and values. Rule Two: Trivial things (haircuts, shined boots, police calls, etc.) become life itself for you. You begin to like to exert your authority over those below you just for the sake of exerting it and harassing them. These things do not build discipline. They distort it and life and cause resentment. They are designed to make you fearful. As the General tells the young Lieutenant in Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*, officers' actions and privileges must instill fear and hate in the men, hate which because it cannot be directed at the officers without punishment, can be profitably turned by the officers toward the enemy. The system makes grown men into subservient lap-dogs to the next highest superior.

Our CO (commanding officer), a Lieutenant-Colonel, treats us like 12-year-olds with himself as sort of a

mother-superior. He gathers us for meetings in which he paternalistically offers us model airplanes and battleship kits and reveals his obsession with cleanliness and his unconscious dislike of the Vietnamese. He's held barracks inspections for contraband toilet paper taken from the latrine and for dirty sheets (as if we don't exchange them weekly for clean ones).

Rule Three: Always insist all is going well even in the face of direct visual, sensory evidence. Never admit a mistake. This applies on all levels. The inconsequential ("Sarge, we have no clean sheets at supply." "There are sheets." "But, look, there are no sheets." "There are sheets.") And the vital ("We have just turned the corner, can see the light at the end of the tunnel, and are winning the war." "But, look, 44,000 dead, 200,000 wounded, and the VC in control of Laos, Cambodia, the Delta of South VN." "We are winning the war.") The first incident is true, so is the second. Rule Four: (Survival technique of the lazy and the intelligent). Always accept any assignment willingly, then ignore it. Self-explanatory.

I enjoy the people I've worked with in MI (Military Intelligence), mostly college-educated, bright guys, but with very different value systems than mine. I am considered a "straight" because I don't ball or shoot speed or smoke pot with them. In fact, I can't even speak their language except when I parody it: "Like, you know, man, I couldn't get into it, like I couldn't get behind it, like, man, you know, it was a downer, a real bummer, can you dig it?" Language reduced to a dozen phrases.

Despite the CO's dismay, the whores still stream onto the base to set up for the night. We can't leave post, but anyone can sign in a Vietnamese. The one who signs her in gets it free and sets her up in his room where the line forms at \$3 to \$5 a shot depending on how close it is to payday. Most of the girls are from heavily Catholic Bien Hoa City, so no blow-jobs. About 10 to 15 come into our detachment a night. The Signal, Engineer, Medical, etc., units have their own regulars. War is hell. I went on a photo-tour of Saigon

(war-zone photo-tours!) and as we walked past some bars downtown, we knew it was a slow Sunday afternoon, for the bar-girls, 4 or 5 to a place, came out to the doorways and lifted their mini-dresses and lowered their bikini-panties. The sad part was that these girls were truly young and attractive in face and figure, yet in order to survive have come to think their only worth lay between their legs.

For the first seven months I was at Tan An, 30 miles south of Saigon, with the 3rd brigade, 9th infantry division. This was one step away from the killing war, and we did get rocketed, mortared, booby-trapped, and shot at. I spent time in Cambodia in May. The VC SR2 forces escaped with advanced warning. SR3 (the 1st NVA division that fought us in Tan An) had its entire general staff wiped out. So this was good for us. I spent time at two fire support bases, real pits with little water, C-rations, an infantry company of two, some 105 howitzers, and a string of barbed-wire and Claymores between you and them. I've done some 80 interrogations or PW's and "hoi chanhs" (surrenders for amnesty). (By the way, my job is that of interrogator.) I've seen abuses: officers making an IC (innocent civilian) over to a CD classification (civil defendant, one who has broken a South VN law), or worse, to VC/PW or NVA/PW because they want to bolster their monthly capture totals or cover up capturing, wounding, maiming, or slaughtering civilians. The US forces use no torture (none that I've seen). But if the Army can't break a PW, he's given to the ARVN (South VN Army), sector (VN interrogators), or the national police who use torture extensively (rubber hose, bamboo sticks, electric generator, etc.).

But all good things must come to an end. The 3rd of the 9th was deactivated and sent home—or so the government said. Actually, only the divisional flag went home. Every single man was simply transferred to a new unit in VN. We spent the month of September at Di An, 15 miles northwest of Saigon, on the 11th Armored Cav base on "stand-down" while the deactivation paperwork went through. Tan An base was turned over to the ARVN who promptly stripped it of anything saleable on the black market. We, the US, left

Tan An because it was officially declared pacified. Ten days after our departure, Tan An had three nights of 30-round rocket attacks, an event *not* reported to the next higher US command unit to avoid embarrassment. I am now at that next higher US unit so I can verify its not being reported. Other nearby attacks not reported were a 31-round rocket attack on Bien Hoa 1st Cav rear and a 19-round rocket attack on the 199th Infantry Brigade, both within the last month and a half. Better not to report an attack than jar the US public out of the propaganda nap the government has lullabied it into about the war being over in three corps.

What do I remember about Tan An? I remember the torture at that sector, the whores surrounding the night guard bunkers and their little boy/brother/son pimps, the sniper platoon who wore official shoulder patches proclaiming "We kill for peace," the run on medallions saying "War" at the small PX concession, the smell from the pisser that hurt your nostrils, the thick oozing mud when it rained, the omnipotent dust when it didn't, the chaplain's talk about how we've done good for this country and how our characters have changed as our fatigues have changed in color from repeated washings (Yes, sir, reverend, we, too, have become faded and washed out), the farmers plowing with water buffalo, planting, tending, threshing rice in the green, green paddies contrasted with the drab brown army base with its open sewers and utter dirt. A thousand battles, a thousand defeats.

All this Christmas talk about US prisoners in North VN is irksome. At most there are a thousand US PW's. But the VC and NVA have had hundreds of thousands of PW's taken to US and ARVN PW camps and who cares about them? Certainly they get the best of treatment.

Besides the waste, the utter unfairness of this war also makes you choke. Some eat cold C-rations, some eat hot roast beef at fine mess-halls, some dine on French cuisine at Saigon restaurants, some sleep and die in mud, some rest on bunks, some get tans at pools, some lay on posturepedic mattresses in hotels. And all

these things can take place within 30-minute Jeep-drives of each other.

No one reads our interrogation reports. All these MI units existing for nothing. Reams of useless paperwork dutifully churned out, ignored, and burned (all MI reports are classified and must be destroyed by fire). I know for sure no one reads the reports because in a rare sane moment I concocted the "road-conadal." A "road-conadal" is nothing. I made it up. I wrote in my report: "Subject was neither curious enough nor trusted enough by his VC superiors to have any significant information about road-conadals." All the Lieutenants, Captains, Majors, Colonels who read the report never asked about it, or they never read it.

While on stand-down in September, a friend and I took the USAF Tokyo R&R. I was fascinated by the country and the people, especially the children, so cute you'd want to hug them. We came expecting to be properly appreciative of the traditions, culture, and art of Japan, and came away just as appreciative of its affluence, modernity, prosperity and thorough westernization. The cities, even back alley-ways, were so clean, the superhighways thronged with new, quiet cars, the people, handsome, polite, well-dressed, the children so attractive, every house a marvel of wood-use and each with a neat, balanced Japanese garden, the countryside so picture-book pretty with even, terraced rice fields climbing mountain slopes and cleaving the lush forests mantling them, the shrines, temples, castles so exquisitely pleasing. I envy the Japanese their sense of culture and beauty bred into them by lifelong exposure to such past treasures and traditions.

Saigon, by contrast, is tawdry with its filth, overpopulation, flimsy buildings — except for a core downtown area where the French influence was and is still dominant.

I was reassigned here to Second Field Force, a corps level headquarters of three divisions and countless supporting engineer, signal, medical, transportation, etc. units. It's about 25 miles northeast of Saigon and next door to Long Binh post, the largest US base (15 square miles). Now I'm five steps from the killing war and one step removed from the very top. A reward

for a job well done? No, just luck. Here we have such undreamed-of luxuries as hot water, paved roads, two-man rooms (I repainted mine from dull green to pastel green with baby-blue trim), but no flush toilets. We have a big PX, service club, pool, snack bar, EM club, Chinese restaurant, and our own MI club.

There is very little to do because this is such a high level, all high HQ levels do nothing, yet get all the benefits. We wait around at the IPW (interrogation of prisoners of war) shop for a PW and the only ones we get are wounded ones at Long Binh Post's 24th Evac Hospital. I got sick the first one I did. Very ugly trying to get immediate tactical information from a body oozing blood in the emergency ward and keeping out of the doctors' way. When they leave US hands, the POWs go to a pit of an ARVN hospital in Saigon with filth on the floor, barred cages, dung on the walls. The face of the enemy, a young boy who says he's 18 but looks 14, scared in pain, yellowed, emaciated, with both his knees blown off. At Tan An we regularly interrogated 15-year-old boys, one 7-year-old boy, and scores of whores trying to sneak on base. I am finally getting used to seeing raw, bloody hunks of flesh basting in their own blood on stretchers, but I hate it when they're children.

I am somewhat healthy and fairly safe. So far this wonderful climate has given me pustules on my arms, an infected ear (couldn't hear for three weeks), a throat lousy with infection, dysentery (the mandatory dose), and ringworm on my feet from which I am now nicely recovering. My Slovak moustache and All-American-Boy hair are OK, too.

Dan Loch was recently discharged from the service after a tour in Vietnam. He graduated from Fairfield University and was a recipient of a Danforth Scholarship and a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship. He was working on his Ph.D. at Columbia University when he was drafted.

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painterly drama

It is an annual event of the Art Department to bring in prominent artists to visit with the art students, evaluate their art, and comment on their particular art field. Elmer Bischoff, a California artist visited at Notre Dame last week. He is a foremost artist of the "West Coast School" and has exhibited a number of one-man shows nationally and group shows internationally since 1942. His work is represented in the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the San Francisco Museum of Art. In 1959 he received the Ford Foundation Grant. He is presently teaching at the University of California, Berkeley.

In the early years of serious abstract art in America, the first abstract painters stuck astutely to the laws that guided Synthetic Cubism, which meant cleanly marked contours, closed and more or less regular shapes, and flat color. Such was the art of Stuart Davis. But, the hold of Synthetic Cubism was unsatisfying for the various artists in the New York area in the 1940's; it was cramping their freedom of expression. This group, vanguarded by the one-man shows of Pollack and Hoffman, was coined the "Abstract Expressionists" by Robert Coates. It was he who noted the painterly style that was seen in the earlier German Expressionists.

Though this beginning was a reaction against the tightness of Synthetic Cubism, the same vocabulary of this former movement was used; loose paint handling, combined with what remained an essentially Cubist

sense of design, drawing, and layout. It was not until the early 1950's that Abstract Expressionism, as we know of it today, came about. Clement Greenberg, in *Art International*, defines this movement superbly:

It means painterliness; loose, rapid handling, or the look of it; masses that blot and fuse instead of shapes that stay distinct; large conspicuous rhythms; broken color; uneven saturations or densities of paint, exhibited brush, knife, finger or rag marks.

This, of course, includes the thrown-painting technique of Jackson Pollack. Thus, an abstraction of the entire painting was created; representation was nowhere to be seen in this early phase of the movement.

In the late 1950's the movement began to cry out for a more coherent illusion of 3-D space; and to the extent that it did, consequently, it cried for representation. And, only through tangible subject matter could this coherence occur. Initially it was Willem de Kooning's "Woman" series that began blatant representational works in the movement. It must be noted that though his abstract expressionism was imbued with representational ends, (by means of plastic and descriptive painterliness), he was still an abstract expressionist.

* * *

Elmer Bischoff, along with David Parks and Richard Diebenkorn, were the first artists to attain substantial



independence with de Kooning's savage technique. By letting de Kooning's touch of art become a salient statement, they found an area where Abstract Expressionism could fulfill itself more truthfully. It also proved to be less pretentious and a bit more to the coherence that the later Abstract Expressionists were striving for.

Abstract Expressionism, then, was not, and is not, just painterly abstractions. It is a conceptual, intellectual art; the good of it is not manifested by skill, training, or anything else having to do with craft or performance, but conception alone. (On the other hand, it is true that skill used to be a means of inspiration and does some of the work of conception, but that was when pictorial art is the most naturalistic.)

Elmer Bischoff is one of the two main exponents of what art historians and curators have deemed the California School of Art or West Coast School. This term, heard in the early 1960, denotes the abstract expressionist painters of the San Francisco Bay area that reintroduced a strong figurative element that was a dominating trait in their abstract painting.

De Kooning, Munch, Hopper, and earlier masters, El Greco and Rembrandt, are cumulated in Bischoff's art. Indeed, the technique of de Kooning that was mentioned above, the color of Munch, the realism of Hopper, the composition of El Greco, and the interior lighting of Rembrandt are elucidated in most of his paintings. Essentially, his main theme for these paintings, almost always showing a figure, is the excitement of man and nature and man and himself.

Bischoff states that it is; "Man is in a particular focus. I am interested in people, in their actions, their functions."

The main content of his drawings also clarifies this theme. He presents an existential interest in the human personality of these works. Concomitant to his paintings, he is preoccupied with the human body and the human situation in the environment that surrounds them. Also, as it usually is the case, the technique of these drawings is similar to that of his paintings; the quick flowing drawings are witness to his bold and committal style.

Along with other Abstract Expressionists, the artist claims that the process, or conception, is his paramount concern in art. Initially, the process begins through observation. Through this act he responds to the human figure and invents a world or environment for it, "a foil for the figure." However, the two elements, the figure and setting, are not completely harmonious; each element is an autonomous part with its role to play in the "drama" of the painting. While the figurative element seems to dominate the painting, his enthusiasm for other areas of observation, landscape and still life, are also important: "My emotion and struggle of painting is just as strong for a wall as it is for an individual figure."

Commenting further on his art, he claims, "Everything, including imagery, must be an actor. My paintings are purely visual, small dramas for the eyes." "This landscape," he continues, "a lush painting, was motivated by the impersonality of geometric form."

It is an emotion-charged situation; a vacation." Consequently, Elmer Bischoff is a painter who *expresses* his feelings from the process of observation onto the canvas.

Without doubt, he is very conscious of process, for his art is the result of trial-and-error. He states, "One becomes very extravagant since one wastes paint in this process. You paint a picture quick, evaluate it, and scrape off the paint if necessary, that is, to start over. This gives the painting a look of exuberance, of physicalness . . . very very energetic. What is most desired in the final outcome is a condition of form which dissolves all tangible facts into intangibles of feelings."

Furthermore, Bischoff comments on the artist and his relation to society. "The artist is an oddball; society thinks of him as a non-participant since the days of Michelangelo. But since that time the artist has held many roles; the prophet, Picasso, for example; entertainer, Warhol; and the clown, Oldenberg."

"A significant change in the art world has created even more of a problem, even over being an artist, from the time of the Renaissance. This change is the middle-man. Just witness the art gallery complex of New York today. Many artists complain of the economics of art today, the ballyhoo of the Hollywood system of artists as the galleries promote them."

These last statements are a great impetus to actually discussing the criteria of a movement and the artist's relationship to that movement. With this thought in mind, how is it that Elmer Bischoff is placed under the Abstract Expressionists, when it is quite apparent that his art is different in appearance.

* * *

Harold Rosenberg, in the October 6 issue of *New Yorker*, states that Historicism in Art is the philosophy of the spectator in search of novelties that can be proved to be predetermined by evolution, and of the spectator's intellectual representation among dealers, curators, and critics. Consequently, historicism in art has become the fundamental basis of conflict between creation in art and accepted methods for evaluating it.

This can be proven rather easily by our 20th Century art alone. It has been a series of blackouts; usually the darkening of one movement is accompanied

by the lightening of another. But, the artist does not work in such a manner. How is the artist, then, able to show true individuality? That art history as a schedule of continuous "movements" is a fantasy of many art historians. An art movement, new or old, is for the creative mind essentially a point of beginning. It is conception alone that is most important in art. The fading of the ideas of a movement does not mean that it is no longer a stimulus for creation.

Elmer Bischoff is such an artist. Though abstract Expressionism is *passé* for art today, he is able to transmit the movement into himself by his individual activity and interpretation of the movement. He shows that an art movement, its shared canons, can be replaced by the sensibility and practice of an individual artist.

—Tim Standring



rare book room

There's a very quiet phenomenon occurring in the literary field these days, initiated and perpetrated by a very talented man. In the past, he has been nice enough to offer those interested in quiet literary phenomenon three pleasant little novels (*Trout Fishing in America*, *A Confederate General from Big Sur*, and *In Watermelon Sugar*) and a few books of poetry dabbings (*Please Plant this Book*, *The Pill Versus the Springhill Mine Disaster*, *Rommel Drives on Deep into Egypt*). He has recently returned with a new novel that, true to his unique and innovative approach, is bound to leave those who are wondering about the "kid culture" still wondering, and those who think they understand, grateful to the author for an unobtrusive reading excursion.

These are the markings of Richard Brautigan, who, in his new book, *The Abortion*, shows once again that at the ripe old age of 36 he is unwilling to disassociate himself with the generation which is often characterized by its general mobility and striving for an unoppressed life style. Unlike *Trout Fishing in America* and *In Watermelon Sugar*, which seem to be no more than interestingly gentle notations of mental wanderings, there is a definite plot to this book. It deals with a reclusive young man who is a librarian in a very peculiar San Francisco library. The library is only for those books written by life's losers, who present the books themselves and, after our hero welcomes the books into the library, may place the book on any shelf they want anywhere they want. Although the books are never read or taken out, Mr. Brautigan makes the need for such a library obvious. Some samplings of the books accumulated there are:

Love is Always Beautiful by Charles Green. The author was about fifty years old and said he had been trying to find a publisher for his book since he was seventeen years old when he wrote the book. "This book has set the world's record for rejections," he said. "It has been rejected 459 times and now I am an old man."

The Stereo and God by the Reverend Lincoln Lincoln. The author said that God was keeping his eye on our stereophonic phonographs. I don't know what he meant by that but he

slammed the book down very hard on the desk.

Leather Clothes and the History of Man by S. M. Justice. The author was quite motorcyclish and wearing an awful lot of leather clothes. His book was made entirely of leather. Somehow the book was printed. I had never seen a 290-page book printed on leather before.

When the author turned the book over to the library, he said, "I likes a man who likes leather."

The librarian's hermetic life of happy simplicity is complicated by the arrival of a book late one night, accompanied and written by a voluptuous beauty who can't quite cope with her body. She has "been born inside the wrong body and was barely able to look at people, wanting to crawl off and hide from the thing that she was contained within." The assumption is that

The Abortion: An Historical Romance of 1966 by Richard Brautigan. Touchstone Paperback, Simon and Schuster, 206 pp.

this unlikely pair really need each other (he to help her become comfortable with her awkward situation of simply "too much" body, and she to reintroduce him to the world) and they settle down, quite nicely in the back of the library. She becomes agreeably pregnant, so they take a pleasant little trip to a Tijuana abortionist, during which the supposedly naive librarian makes some well-placed and pleasantly poignant observations:

(e.g., while awaiting flight to southern California in San Diego International Airport restaurant, "There were Negro men in white uniforms doing the cooking while wearing white hats, but there were no Negroes in the restaurant eating. I guess Negroes don't take airplanes early in the morning.")

Upon returning to San Francisco, he finds he has lost his job, but no one gets too upset and everything works out nicely for those involved, and the book ends. There are no earthshaking revelations and the story is definitely not intense, but it is certainly an ingenious portrayal of a nice way to live, offering to those who care to indulge, a quietly satisfying reading experience.

—Tom Rozynek

oliver!

a new twist

Ever since Western theatre sprang up, already adolescent from the thigh of the medieval Church, it has involved a set of polar characteristics whose tug-of-war has been one of the driving forces in its evolution. On the one hand it is an art that involves words, and so is capable of analyzing, both poetically and logically, man's favorite emotional and philosophical propositions. On the other hand, it is an art rooted in ritual and the splendorous display of liturgy. It is traditionally the home of breath-taking sight and sound (in fact, words like "showy," or "theatrical" have come to connote just such effects).

These two characteristics are yoked together only in rare classic moments, and, in truth, good theatre generally involves the smooth subordination of one to the other. Drama, especially as it is understood in universities, tends to allow the word to rule. But, there is an equally vital tradition in theatre which has produced the masque, the pageant, and vaudeville by valuing the immediate sensual effect far more highly than the comprehended word. Eight nights of revel in the latter mode are in progress at O'Laughlin Auditorium as the ND-SMC Theatre presents *Oliver!*

One of the indispensable requirements which shows like *Oliver!* demand from their producers is that they offer a banquet to the eyes, and thanks to excellent work by Anne Paterson and Richard Bergman *Oliver!* does just that. Miss Paterson has provided every member of the cast of eighty-some with fine costumes any one of which is simple, functional, and properly ragtag, but which combine to form a sprightly kaleidoscope. The effect of the whole production's costuming is summed up in Fagin's wonderfully ridiculous coat, which is half clownish fantasy and half theatrical utility.

O'Laughlin Auditorium is a mausoleum, but, thanks to Mr. Bergman's lighting and set, the curse of O'Laughlin has been broken for the first time in my three and a half years of watching local theatre. Berg-

man's innovations are ingeniously simple, but excitingly effective. He has worked out a means of retaining the orchestra pit while providing true thrust staging. So, the audience is allowed the fairly rare treat of both visual and acoustical vitality. He has also provided the first real area lighting O'Laughlin has seen in years. This allows him to smoothly transfigure the sturdy unit set into dozens of different London nooks and crannies. Some of the acoustical wooden bubbles are gone and some bubbles of real vivaciousness are coming from the stage instead.

And finally, responsible for bringing *Oliver!* human life is Reginald Bain. The masquing tradition constantly aims at simultaneously confessing its own theatricality and sweeping the audience into its world. The net effect of this dual move is to invite the audience to a party where everything is fun, because nothing is really important. Mr. Bain has made the confession pleasant and the invitation irresistible. The party is great.

Mr. Bain has managed to elicit from the ensemble (and ensemble playing is the soul of musical comedy) a friendly gusto which is truly contagious. He swirls them through the auditorium and the set. To a man, they carry with them the verve of Bart's joyful rhythms (which are surely the keys to the success that *Oliver!* has enjoyed). This is a particularly fine piece of directing since the cast ranges in age from seven to twenty-two, and from familiar ND-SMC Theatre faces to dramatic novices.

The memorable acting in sense-oriented theatre comes from the cast working as a whole when they create whirls of sound and light. And on this point, *Oliver!* is a firm success. The Workhouse Boys, Fagin's Boys, and the Londoners all make the offer to "Consider Yourself One of Us" an engaging compliment. "Who Will Buy?" and "Be Back Soon," along with "Consider Yourself" are perfect examples of how theatre without any "meaning" can be an event wholly worthy of

attention.

Considering this production's success within the masquing tradition, it is a little difficult to imagine why it has fallen prey to a compulsion to pass itself off as literary drama. Perhaps the academic prejudice in favor of words over sensation asserted itself. The pretension starts with a banner advertising the production as "Charles Dickens' *Oliver!*" That claim, of course, is patently unfair. This is Lionel Bart's *Oliver!* Dickens is a literary man, Bart is a showman. What occurs on the stage is in no way an expression of the aesthetic (or the morals) of Charles Dickens.

Unfortunately, the pretense of the show-as-literature spreads through the whole production. Ignoring the fact that Bart's music provides a sufficient unifying thread, Mr. Bain has inserted the voice of Charles Dickens through a narrator, Mr. Brownlow. We are then asked to believe that the naïve bourgeois Brownlow could possibly have some connection with the sensitive reformer, Dickens. If these innovations were really necessary they might be weaknesses; being unnecessary, they are silly superfluities.

The saddest effect of these gimmicks is the way they seem to influence the behavior of the actors. There is an occasional straining to squeeze big laughs and deep emotions out of simple lines that were written to be forgettable routes from one song to the next. The songs are too often accompanied by shallow miming of the lyrics while movement which would accentuate Bart's lively rhythms goes by the boards. Judged as literature, *Oliver!* is boring saccharine. Only as tools used quietly to assemble music and the sights are the book and lyrics of any worth.

Defending the circus, one of the masquing tradition's first cousins, against critics among the literary intelligentsia, Pete Peterson wrote, "Some people say that in a world of poverty, hunger and war there is no place for circuses. I propose that in a world where there are circuses, there is no place for poverty, hunger, and war." I would like to propose that the same could

be said of good musical comedy. And, to the degree that the audience and the cast forget to pay homage to literature (as they often do) *Oliver!* is good musical comedy.

—Marty Chuzzlewit



Oliver! will be playing in O'Laughlin Auditorium this Friday and Saturday at 8:30 and Saturday and Sunday of graduation.

a glimpse of the derby

With a heavy foot, I pushed the needle of the speedometer all the way to sixty-eight, which is a new record in my little runabout, as we zipped along interstate 31 to interstate 65. The little car responded with an enthusiasm that Chief and I shared. It wasn't until we came to a mile from the 3rd street exit in Louisville that we had to slow down. An accident had slowed traffic, and the crawling pace that we had to adopt was symbolic of the whole weekend.

We finally got off the superhighway and entered downtown Louisville. It was resplendent with colorful signs telling of the Derby Festival that was to take place from April 22 to May 2nd. But if there was any festival going on, it was the best kept secret since the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. Downtown Louisville looked like London during a World War Two blackout.

We found the house (a three family house) and approached the half-lit building to announce our arrival. After banging on the door for about ten minutes, someone peeked out the window and then shut off all the lights inside. We figured we had two options at that point. We could wait for the cops and tell them about our predicament, or leave and come back later hoping Ray and Claire (it was the neighbor who wouldn't open the door) had come home. After two seconds of intense deliberation we decided on the latter. So we were on the road again.

We soon found ourselves approaching the other Louisville hot spots. It was a teeny-bop hang-out, a drive-in restaurant, where jacked-up cars full of bleached, ratted blondes, chewing bubble gum with a certain vigor, and their boyfriends, dressed in the freakiest clothes with their greased back pompadours, cruising around after a hot night in Sin City. We decided to zip into the area and reconnoiter for some kind of companionship. But since Chief and I had long given up on Brylcreem and other assorted greasy kid stuff, we figured even our best lines like "Hi, I'm from Notre Dame" would go unnoticed.

We settled for coffee and iced tea inside, and mulling over our predicament came up with what we thought to be our best idea all night. The University of Louisville. Fraternities. Sororities. That must be where the action is. Ya'll wanna bet?

After an unproductive, all-night search for fun, highlighted by encounters with a drunken fraternity and three bench-riders of a nearby sorority, we returned to the house determined to get some sleep so as to enjoy Derby Day and the post-derby parties.

Well, Saturday came, as we expected it to, and with it came the Derby, unfortunately. The best way to sum up the classic is "waiting in lines." We stood outside waiting to get in for at least an hour. The push to get in made Hoosier Hysteria look like musical chairs. Finally inside, Chief and I placed our bets and made our way to the infield.

The infield was a maze of bodies. You could hardly see the grass for all the people. If it wasn't for the fence surrounding the track, the people would have settled there too. It was a mini-Woodstock, minus the music, the drugs and the fellowship. The people fought for their own little space like 49'ers trying to set up a gold claim. We finally found some room and spread our pink blanket out to take in the activities.

What activities? Well, there were two girls playing gin next to us, some freak was trying to climb the flag-pole, and an obese chick was smothering some guy with sloppy kisses, and there were thousands of high school kids drinking beer in the euphoric freedom of nature. Races? What races? If it wasn't for the Derby trumpet that kept blasting that innane reveille, I could've gotten some sleep. Actually the Derby was all we were interested in, so we planned to make our move to the fence after the seventh race.

Ray (he and Claire came along) who is a second Lieutenant in the tank corps of the reserves, briefed us on our assault. We picked up our things and began to mobilize. Seeing our objective, we abandoned our cooler (it was only dead weight) and excused ourselves to the front. On the way we passed several bombed souls who had not quite made it to the objective. They were oblivious to everything. So we moved slowly until we were face to face with the enemy (the people who occupied the ground by the fence). We quickly made friends with them and sat on someone's blanket. We were firmly entrenched in the bunker in front of the fence. Chief, who was the lookout, wisely pointed out that once everyone stood up our position would be worthless. We had to move again, but only at the right moment. It finally came. The Star-Spangled Banner blared over the loudspeaker, and all the good Americans stood to honor it. But we went them one better. We acted as "great" Americans and moved forward imperialistically with a few good elbow offensives to the fence. It was ours.

Unfortunately for us, the people behind us didn't agree. By this time everyone behind us was pushing forward like the fence would expand or something. The little kid in front of me was being crushed (I didn't move him out. Besides he was only 4' 7" so all I had to do was apply a little pressure to his head and he bent down.) Poor little guy, he left the Derby looking like an advertisement for cyclone fences. The imprint of the fence was on his forehead.

Some drunk next to me from Miami of Ohio was pleading with the gods for victory. Seems like he bet seventy-five bucks on the Derby alone. Since I had only bet nine I was both awed and amazed by his stupidity. The guy behind me had hoisted his chick onto his shoulders. She was wearing a two piece suit that bared the midriff. The naked space grew as he lifted her up. At this point I was ready to turn my back on the track. After all, I figured I could always see the race on replay, but the show behind me was a one shot affair. But like, or rather unlike a good Notre Dame man, I turned my back to the devil's work and tried to salvage something out of the weekend by catching a glimpse of the race.

Glimpse turns out to be an overstatement. I saw the horses twice, and twice added up to about five-tenths of a second. And what is there to say about a race you don't see, but drive five hours to watch. Well, I could only think of one word, it rhymes with "luck." So muttering obscenities, we decided to move out (another of Ray's Army terms), and beat the crowds to the busses. But pushing out, someone squealed something about Canonero 2nd, and I realized I had won. Eight bucks. But who's complaining. As it turned out, winning was the worst thing that happened all day. As a result, we had to wait two and a half hours for a bus, instead of leaving before the crowd.

I think Ray was almost ready to give me eight dollars so we could leave, but I scurried off to the cashier to complete the Derby experience. After standing in line for forty minutes, while some dumb hick gave me a stare each time I gently shoved him trying to create some type of momentum towards the front, I was really getting frustrated.

But I remembered I went to Notre Dame, and I

was used to frustration, so I did some quick thinking. Unlike some of those poor souls in the waiting situation for the first time, I had had similar experiences in O'Shaughnessy Hall every registration day. So like a veteran, I picked my holes and sponged up towards the front, shooting a few friendly lines toward everyone I passed. I spiced my lines with plenty of "ya'll's" and "right nices." I even gave Spiro T a few plugs. I knew the rednecks would love that. But the line that did it was when I cursed "that goddam hippie freak" up front. The line opened up like the waters of the Red Sea.

But outside the Downs, the lines were forming again. This time the lines were for the busses back to the exposition center where we and about a billion other people had parked. We waited for the busses for over two hours. Now I know how those guys at Dunkirk felt. To show my spite, I ripped a Derby Festival sign off a passing bus and threw rocks at it. The crowd applauded my civil disobedience and began cursing the dumb bus officials. Right then and there Chief and I decided never to return to this godforsaken land. An elderly lady next to us applauded our decision and formed a pact with us. Some dumb Hoosier next to us, who probably felt superior to the rednecks, remarked about the Indy 500 being handled better. Considering that Hoosiers run it, I doubted it, but then again there was considerable room for improvement. These bus officials had trouble chewing gum and walking at the same time. But this Hoosier was being obnoxious about the 500 as compared to the Derby so I felt that a note of affirmation might shut him up. So I yelled "Right on" which at that time had degenerated to meaning something between "ya gotta be shittin' me" and "You're bigger than me, so anything you say's okay."

Finally a bus pulled up and our final offensive came to a point. I shoved towards the door, sacrificing the use of my right arm for the rest of my life. Chief and Claire followed, but there was no sign of Ray. The next few minutes were spent in silent prayer that he wouldn't get trampled and be left behind to be swept up by the Sunday morning clean-up crews. He made it, and that Army training really helped. He lightly stepped on some lady's foot, pushed a lot, saying "excuse me" all the time, humanitarian that he is, and entered the bus wearing a victory smile.

Chief and I made one last attempt at some sort of night life, but we ended up at Howard Johnson's for dinner. We returned to Ray and Claire's, reminiscing about the fantastic weekend and dreaming about returning to the wild confines of the Golden Dome. We slept well that night, not having to worry about having contributed to the delinquency of Louisville. Our consciences were still clear the next morning as we assured ourselves that we wouldn't have to go to confession this week.

After a great breakfast served by Claire, Chief and I set out for home. We stopped at a Convenient Food Mart to pick up a paper and read about the race we had missed. As I guided the little car in the general direction of South Bend, Chief picked up the paper to read about the race. Unfortunately, the sports page had been left out. It was the perfect ending to the whole thing.

—E. J. Kinkopf

the last word

Several weeks ago in an editorial, the *Observer* tolled the impending death of the SCHOLASTIC. Being taken aback, for I knew of no fatal illness, I became concerned with the magazine's health. What was its illness? The editorial pointed to the lack of independence as the essential disease plaguing the magazine. Only by ridding ourselves of the shackles of the University, they felt, could the SCHOLASTIC ever hope to survive.

A valid consideration was raised by the editorial's question of independence. Certainly we are financially dependent upon the University. We are published under the auspices, and therefore the scrutiny, of the University. But is such a relationship finally necessary?

There are issues and questions which Notre Dame as a community and as a university must face. The SCHOLASTIC, as one part of the University is attempting to pose those questions. Criticism is never easy to accept; it is usually painful when one points out another's mistakes and wrongs. Internal criticism is even more difficult to endure. We would certainly be pretentious to expect Notre Dame, as a body, always, if ever, to heed such affronts. Such is not our hope. What is more important is to pose to the University the question of their willingness to *support* internal elements of this community which would offer criticism.

The question is not merely one of supporting the SCHOLASTIC; it is a question of supporting and tolerating all elements and people who would openly express their disapproval of this University. Such a question of support cannot be taken lightly.

In our application for the editorship, we expressed a belief that ultimately the magazine is the University's magazine. Viewed as such, the magazine "must deal with and approach the issues we of the Notre Dame-St. Mary's Community are facing." Many of those issues will be problematic but we must be willing to face them nevertheless. The magazine ought to examine "the common bonds of that Community," but at the same time "we should not be so naive and hopeful that we ignore those elements which divide us." Such examination is not without potential difficulty and hazard. To become an "organ of internal criticism" one can easily lose a sense of justice; criticism can easily lose its substantive and perceptive focus. Hence, as we ask the University whether it is willing to support criticism from within, we must also ask ourselves whether we can provide such true criticism. This question must always be before us.

—Joe Hotz

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